The Columbus Journal.

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COLUMBUS

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ROOMS FOR BACHELORS.

MEN IN SINGLE BLESSEDNESS WHO DO THEIR OWN HOUSEWORK.

Light Housekeeping Where Women Are Excluded—Reporters, Actors, Mechanics and Clerks Who Cook Their Own Meals. A Peep at the Rooms.

An advertisement in a late paper, offering furnished rooms for housekeeping for gentlemen only, was the cause of merriment at a fashionable uptown boarding house. The advertisement was credited with being a typographical blunder, but the sad eyed actor who was waiting for a date that never came put all doubts at rest by affirming that the advertisement meant just what it said.

"There is more than one house in New York," he said, "where single men rent rooms and do their own housekeeping, cooking, making beds, sweeping, and so on, and a nice life it is if a man is built that way. I am proud to say that while I was down on my luck I occupied an alcove room in this house mentioned in the advertisement. I paid $3 a week and lived for $2 more. A legacy left to me by my aunt has put higher living in my power, and I left my bachelor room with regret. The life was pleasant, and after I became a bit expert at cooking I assure you that I cooked many a dainty with all the skill of a French chef."

The writer visited the house where the furnished rooms for housekeeping for gentlemen were located. The ring at the bell was answered by a tidy Irish girl, who said that they had one room vacant. The landlady was summoned and showed the reporter up two flights to a back room.

"This is to rent with all the necessaries for light housekeeping. A closet in the hall is the place for your coal and your green groceries and an ice box for your meat. The price is $4 per week."

HOME CONVENIENCES.

The room was about fourteen feet square. It contained a folding bed, a cheap chiffonniere, on which were two teacups and saucers of fanciful pattern. In the different compartments were other dishes of stoneware and glass. A cupboard stood at the right of the mantel, in which were two tablecloths, four napkins, a quilt and a woolen blanket, and in a lower compartment an iron pot, a spider and two stew pans. The stove was a No. 5, with two covers, and was polished brightly. A wardrobe, sofa, easy chair, two dining chairs and a round table were placed about the room in convenient positions.

"You don't rent rooms to women?" remarked the reporter.

"No, indeed; I don't want any women about my house. They are more trouble than they are worth. I used to rent rooms to women, but they found fault with everything. They washed their clothes in the bathroom and invaded the kitchen at all times in the day to borrow flatirons. I have a houseful of gentlemen who cook, eat and sleep here, and I never hear a word of complaint and seldom see them, only when they pay their rent."

"What class of men do you have?"

"I have with me now a reporter, an actor, a street car conductor, a florist, an engineer on the Elevated railroad, a bookkeeper, two clerks who cook together, and a policeman."

At this point the lady was informed of the object of the reporter's visit, and she sat down to enlighten him further.

"I am an English woman," she said, "and kept lodgings in London before coming to New York. There it is a common thing for men to do their own housekeeping. I came to New York as a waiting maid to an English actress. Liking the city I concluded to stop here, and conceived the idea of renting rooms to gentlemen only. At first I did not meet with success, but now I can rent all of my rooms. I pay $100 a month for this house. I have eight rooms that bring me in $140. There is $40 profit on my rent. Then I get my living from my roomers. You see, it's this way. A woman nine times out of ten will throw away her waste, but a man won't. My rooms give me more than I can eat—a bunch of celery and other green stuff, meat and fruit that will spoil, and of which they had purchased too much. My servant girl costs me $8 a month only, but she doesn't do anything but laundry work and my cooking. My roomers make their own beds, and very handy they are at it."

THROUGH THE ROOMS.

The lady then took the reporter through the house. Only one room was untidy, and that was the actor's. Clay pipes and tobacco were scattered over the mantel; shoes, slippers and clothing were thrown about the room, while on the bed, slovenly made up, was a pile of manuscript and books.

"This man is an actor of good parts," explained the lady, "but he is slouchy about his room. Quite different is the next room that is occupied by the engineer."

This room was neatness personified. The bed was as smooth as could be, the floor was swept clean, and the tin pans were as bright as the brasses on his engine probably were. A small library was suspended on a shelf containing books on railroading, a dictionary and Shakespeare.

Other rooms visited showed the same neatness, but each had some characteristic of the occupant by way of ornament. The policeman had two clubs crossed over his mantel with a pair of boxing gloves between them. The clerk's room was fixed up with plush holders for brushes and papers, with the photographs of noted actresses stuck here and there on the walls. A pile of poker chips and a pack of cards were most conspicuous in the bookkeeper's room, but the beds were well made and the floors and dishes clean.

"These men," said the lady, "are up early, get their breakfast, wash their dishes, dress for business and are off, all of them before 8 o'clock. They return from 4 to 7 at night, get their supper and go out again. They are quiet and better tenants than any I ever had."

"Is poverty the cause of their living in this way?"

"Oh, no, I guess not. You know the old saying that one half the world doesn't know how the other half lives. I saw the bookkeeper's salary envelope one week and it had $50 marked on it. I am sure that all of my lodgers except the actor get good salaries. He sometimes doesn't get any; but I let him stop, for he pays when he can."

At this juncture a neatly dressed gentleman came in and passed up the stairs. It was the bookkeeper, and the reporter recognized him as a familiar sight in the hotel rotundas, a good fellow all around, and supposed to live at a fashionable boarding house up town.

The shopping for the roomers was done by the girl, who bought whatever the lodger wished, taking his book to the store and entering each article of provision purchased, for which the men paid weekly. —New York Evening Sun.

BATHTUBS ON WHEELS.

A Paris Luxury Suggested for Introduction Into New York.

"Talking about new enterprises springing up here," said a gentleman to a reporter, "why there are thousands of schemes yet untried that you will be hearing of some time. Now there is the Parisian bath, for instance. Do you know how the Parisians pursue the practice said to be next to godliness?"

Having received the reporter's admission of innocence as to the subject, the gentleman continued: "Well, to begin with, exceedingly few houses in Paris, except the big hotels, have bathrooms. You might conclude from this statement that the Parisians are not particularly fond of bathing. But they are, and now I will tell you how they do it. We will suppose you are a Parisian living comfortably in a suite. Moreover we will suppose you take a morning bath every day in the year. Now all that is necessary for you to do is to leave your order at a bathing establishment and a man will come at the specified hour with a shining, roomy tub and deposit it near your bed. Then he will bring in a copper cylinder-shaped oven containing what they call a peignoir, which is thus kept warm until you put it on after stepping out of the tub. The man covers the bottom and sides of the tub with a sheet, and then fills the tub with water of the proper temperature, which he brings with him in his cart, a peculiar looking vehicle, by the way, resembling about as much as anything a gayly painted oblong boiler on wheels. Having thus prepared the bath, he adds one finishing stroke to it by dropping into the steaming water a considerable quantity of bathing powder, which serves as a skin tonic, and at the same time emits a lovely perfume, suggesting resinous odors of the woods. The man now withdraws for an hour and leaves you to enjoy your delicious ablutions.

"You emerge from the bath in half an hour feeling like an entirely new man. It seems as though the exhilarating perfume of the water has entered your very soul. You step lightly out of the tub and slip on the warm peignoir as though it were a linen duster, which it slightly resembles, and by means of which you do not get to shivering while you are drying yourself.

"That is the way the Parisians bathe. This kind of bath costs three francs (60 cents) in Paris. In New York it should not cost more than half that sum. I think it a very good system to introduce in this city, and I have had some idea myself of starting an establishment of the kind. It possesses superior advantages for the people who do not live in houses where there are bathrooms. And the medicinal benefits of this powder stirred in the water are a great thing in addition to the fragrant quality it imparts. And then another advantage is that the tub is brought to you and everything is prepared. You can step out of bed in the morning into your tub and have a splendid scrub before dressing. For the reasons I have mentioned I am sanguine that the Parisian style of bathing would prove very popular in New York."—New York Evening World.

Names of Old Towns.

The Listener observes, not without a certain regret, that there is a tendency to introduce certain reforms in the pronunciation of the names of old Massachusetts towns. The pronunciation brought from England is being gradually dropped, and the sound approximated to the spelling of the word. What were once Stone'am and War'am have become Stoneham and Wareham, and what was Wooburn is now Woburn. Leominster was Lempster to begin with, and to the town in New Hampshire, which was named in honor of old Leominster in England, the name of Lempster was actually given. Perhaps it was the oldest inhabitants' ignorance of orthography that has preserved this testimony of the original pronunciation of the name. But in the mouths of the people of our Massachusetts Leominster, the name has first become Le'minster, and will, after awhile, it is to be supposed, be reformed another stage into Le-o-minster. The English Lester, for Leicester, has become Lecester with us; heaven preserve us from Lycester or Leecester.

One always hears Woorcester for Worcester; shall we presently hear Warcester? Happily there is an Ohio town of Wooster, which preserves in its spelling the original pronunciation, just as the New Hampshire Lempster keeps the original sound of Leominster. The Listener has even heard the crowning enormity of Portsmowth. This is worse than Porchmouth, which used to be heard. There are old people in Gloucester who call the name of the town Glockster. The Listener does not know where the usage came from. It is not as bad as Glow-ces-ter would be, which, it may fairly be supposed, will be the eventful pronunciation of the name of the town, if the present phonetic tendency continues. — Boston Transcript.

The Science of Hypnotism.

The science of hypnotism, not long ago sneered at and ignored by medical men, has secured at last an astonishing recognition from them. The medical thinkers of France are now considering it as one of their most reliable means of producing results that are out of the reach of their ordinary remedies. They lately made in Paris a number of very successful experiments upon children from the house of refuge, some of whom were supposed to be irreclaimably bad. They were hypnotized, and while in this condition they were enjoined to obey their teachers, to study, to keep themselves clean and to stop swearing and lying, habits which the refuge wardens had asserted could not be abandoned by their depraved charges.

The influence of the hypnotism lasted for months, and the boys that had been influenced were changed during that time from troublesome prisoners to pupils of most exemplary conduct. One of the boys who was hypnotized had been a leader among his companions in all sorts of unruly and immoral behavior. The change in him was so radical after the hypnotism that it frightened both himself and his companions, and having reasoned about his conversion he absolutely refused to submit to the mesmeric passes again when the physicians wanted to repeat the experiment.—Physician in Globe-Democrat.

Aluminum Dental Plates.

The early use of aluminum was not satisfactory, as the metal was impure, owing to the presence of iron, and it soon succumbed to the fluids of the mouth. This was more generally true of cast plates, which were not only more difficult to make, but were not as good. The metal is not very easy to cast, as it does not flow freely like other metals, and the contraction is considerable, causing cracked blocks. When made from rolled plate and pure metal, aluminum for upper cases has proved very satisfactory in my hands, and not being very expensive is a recommendation, as it is a metal, and is thus better than rubber and less in cost than gold. It is very light and strong, perfectly tasteless and odorless, and as healthy to the gums as gold or platina. The teeth are best attached with rubber. —George H. Swift in West. Dent. Journal.

A Perfect Mortar.

A new building material called stone brick, harder than the hardest clay brick, is made from simple mortar, but a scientifically made and perfect mortar; in fact, a hydraulic cement, and the grinding together of lime and sand in a dry state—including, also, some alumina, which is usually present in sand—and the subsequent heating by steam, give the mixture the properties of the burned hydraulic cements at present in use.—Public Opinion.

The Elevator Not Dangerous.

"It is safer to ride than to climb," said one of the leading builders of elevators in New York the other day. "We carry over 300,000 passengers on our elevators in this city every day, and you can judge for yourself what per cent. of them are killed as compared with the number that are hurt falling down stairs."—Chicago Herald.

CARELESS WITH A GUN.

A SENSIBLE MAN NEVER FOOLS WITH FIREARMS "NOT LOADED."

Story of the Boy with an Empty Shotgun—A Lesson for Life—Another Illustration of Criminal Carelessness—The Only Safe Way.

Never handle firearms carelessly. I used to do it, but of late years it makes me boil to have anybody point a gun or pistol toward me. Two events in my life have done more to inspire within me a wholesome respect for firearms than anything else that ever happened to me.

When I was about 15 years old I borrowed a shotgun of a chum.

"Is it loaded?" was the first question I asked.

"No," was the reply, and I, like a goose, believed what he said.

On the way home with it I met another boy, who began dodging behind the shade trees as I approached, Indian fashion. I, of course, must do my part of the tragedy, so cocking the gun, I began to skulk too, until, when we finally met, to show that he was plainly in my power, I put the muzzle of the gun up close to his nose and pulled the trigger.

I thought no more of the circumstance until evening, when I began cleaning the gun, and found that it was clogged up so I could not blow through it. Procuring a cap, I placed it on the nipple, and, going to the front door, pulled the trigger, and away she went, with a report that awoke the neighbors for blocks around and filled the leaves of a cherry tree near by as full of holes as a skimmer.

Then I thought of Tom, into whose face I had snapped the gun. The fact that the cap had become damp alone prevented the gun from being discharged and blowing Tom's head into smithereens.

Though his life after life was a fizzle, and he filled a drunkard's grave at an early age, yet how my life would have been blighted if, through my boyish carelessness, he had been killed. I vowed a vow at that time never to be careless with firearms.

ANOTHER INCIDENT.

One more circumstance occurred after I had grown to manhood. I was standing on a pile of lumber, busily engaged in measuring lumber, when, hearing a "click" behind me, I turned, and there stood a boatman pointing an army musket squarely at my head and sighting along the barrel. The muzzle of the gun was only six feet from my head, and he had just snapped it at me. He was a man 50 years old, and, under the first angry impulse that came over me, said:

"You old fool, you ought to know better than to snap a gun at a fellow's head in that careless way."

"Aw, pshaw!" said he, "it isn't loaded."

"How do you know that?"

"Because it has been lying around my boat for more than six months, and I know it isn't."

"That's just the reason you don't know anything about it," said I.

"Wall, now, you're making such a fuss about it, I'm going to get a cap and show you. Here, hold the gun till I come back."

While he was gone I ran the ramrod down the barrel and found that it was loaded.

When he returned with a cap I removed the old one and replaced it with a new one. Pointing the gun upward I pulled the trigger and a report followed, the recoil from which nearly knocked me off the lumber pile and raised the boatman's hair on end.

"What do you think now?" I asked.

"Well," said he, "that's the last time I shall point a gun at anybody if I live 100 years."

A damp cap alone saved me that time, and though I should not have been to blame, yet this event would have blighted my life still more effectually than the first one, for it would undoubtedly have blown my head off my shoulders, and a man who finds himself in that condition can but acknowledge that his life is, in a measure, blighted, and his future plans and prospects somewhat interfered with.

Don't fool with firearms. If a gun is loaded, and everybody knows it is loaded, there is little danger. It is the gun and the revolver which is not loaded that goes off and kills folks or maims them for life. So the only safe way is to handle them at all times as though they were loaded.

Get into the habit of so doing; then it will become natural and easy to you, and you may be spared the agony of gazing upon the mangled form of some friend through whom you have let daylight.

Always keep behind a gun yourself, and point the muzzle away from other people. —Sunshine.

How Charles Sumner Made Tea.

Mr. Sumner was a man of simple tastes. When he dined alone and knew that he was to have no company but one dish was served, and that was often a porterhouse steak dressed with oysters. This, with bread and butter and a glass of claret, composed his solitary dinner. Occasionally he would treat himself to a dinner of corned beef and cabbage, if he was sure there would be time enough before the arrival of visitors to disinfect his house of the scent. His breakfast, when alone, would be without meat or fish, and would consist of tea, toast, eggs, fruit and some sort of pancakes and butter; but the tea would be selected as carefully for the breakfast as the wine would be for the dinner. He would brew it himself with great care. He took the tea from the tea caddy himself, placed it dry in a cup, which had previously been heated by filling with boiling water from the urn; a teaspoon, which stood in the cup when the boiling water was poured, remained in the cup; then boiling water was drawn from the urn on to the tea; a saucer was inverted over the top, and after it had stood for several minutes it was considered ready for drinking.

Once when I was breakfasting with him he asked my opinion of the particular tea he had given me, and he was disappointed in my answer. He seemed surprised as well, and tasted the tea from his own cup, snuffing its aroma. Then dipping a teaspoon in hot water, he tasted the mixture in my cup and inhaled its perfume. This seemed to solve the riddle. "Why," said he, "I must have given you a cold spoon; that spoon in your cup carried off the flavor. Throw out those slops and let me give you a fresh cup."—Arnold Burges Johnson in The Cosmopolitan.

Tyndall on Lightning Rods.

Professor Tyndall, in a letter on lightning conductors, points out that the abolition of resistance is absolutely necessary in connecting a lightning conductor with the earth, and this is done by closely imbedding in the earth a plate of good conducting material and of large area. The largeness of area makes atonement for the imperfect conductivity of earth. The plate, in fact, constitutes a wide door through which the electricity passes freely into the earth, its disruptive and damaging effects being thereby avoided.

A common way of dealing with lightning conductors adopted by ignorant practitioners is, Dr. Tyndall remarks, to carry the wire rope which forms part of the conductor down the wall and into the earth below, where it ends without any terminal plate. Such a "protection" is a mockery, a delusion and a snare. Some years ago a rock lighthouse on the Irish coast was struck by lightning, when he found by the engineer's report that the lightning conductor had been carried down the lighthouse tower, its lower extremity being carefully imbedded in a stone perforated to receive it. If the object had been to invite the lightning to strike the tower, a better arrangement could hardly, he believes, have been adopted. He vetoed the proposal to employ a chain as a prolongation of the conductor, as the contact of link with link is never perfect.—Scientific American.

The Secret of Advertising.

"The business man who has learned to advertise has acquired one of the principal elements of success," said a printer of some experience. "The secret of advertising is not so much to have the notice read as to have it believed. To lose the confidence of the public is to lose your trade. If you advertise in an undignified manner people begin to look upon you as a fakir and your goods as shoddy. The largest advertiser in Philadelphia set the example of taking the public into his confidence and announcing his goods in an unassuming manner. His style has been adopted by nearly all the leading houses. A person of refinement doesn't like to be admonished by a tradesman not to be a chump, and he pays little heed to the man who tells him that his prices 'knock the spots off a speckled pig.' When you want a suit of clothes the last place you think of going to is the store that advertises 'gent's pants.' To come back to my own trade, there are few printers in the business now. They are all either typographers or typographical artists, and I know of one man who advertised himself as 'a worker in the black art and a manipulator of the adjustable alphabet.'

"There was a personal in one of the Sunday papers some time ago of a literary gent of world wide reputation. That fellow betrayed himself by one word, and probably never knew how he did it. One needn't go far to see the questionable taste of many storekeepers. Boots and shoes are advertised as 'foot gear,' fish as 'sea food' and liquors as 'wet goods.' The men who peddle grapes from push carts at three cents per half pound have a habit of turning down one end of their paper signs so that the word 'half' is hidden. The man who complains of short measure has the sign straightened out for him. When he has gone the sign is bent back again.—New York Evening Sun.

Older Than the Obelisk.

"A fine tree, that?"

"Yes, but it is rather young."

"Rather young? Why, it is over 2,000 years old."

"That may be," returned the second speaker, who combines with his profession of architecture a profound knowledge of forestry, "but that is not very old for a tree."

"Perhaps not for Europe or Asia, but recollect that this is a new country," observed the reporter, who had accompanied him to Central park, where a handsome oak tree attracted their attention.

"How old do you think that obelisk is?" inquired the architect.

"A little over 3,000 years."

"Well, what would you say if I told you that in one of the younger states of the Union I had sat under a tree that was full grown and vigorous when the Egyptians were toiling on that shaft?"

"I presume I should have to believe you."

"As you please about that. But I have chipped bark off a pine tree in Calaveras county, Cal., that spread shade over many square feet of ground before those pothooks were carved on the side of that column. This tree that I speak of is supposed to be the oldest tree in the world. Its age is estimated at 3,500 years. The climate of the Pacific slope seems to be wonderfully preservative for trees of its kind."

"Could a tree ever live that long in this climate?"

"I doubt it. No tree certainly ever has. But when you speak of this being a new country, bear in mind that all countries were made about the same time and trees were not made by men."—New York Mail and Express.

The Colored Folks in Maryland.

The average negro cares only for the present. He forgets the past and disregards the future. Prospective rainy days have no terrors for him. If he makes $1 today instead of his usual fifty cents, he will not work to-morrow. There are four preferences which are common to colored men—linen dusters, razors, chickens and cathartic pills. To the country darky a linen duster is the insignia of prosperity. He generally gets it a size or two too large and has it well starched. He wears it as often as he possibly can. Not long ago an excursion, by water, of colored people, came here from over the bay. Nearly all of them, women as well as men, wore linen dusters. Just why nine negroes out of ten carry razors cannot be explained, but that they do carry them is a fact, and in every free fight some one always gets slashed. At a colored camp meeting held a few weeks ago this notice was conspicuously posted:

Dinner, 25 cents; with chicken, 50 cents.

It was the most eloquent kind of evidence as to the negro's appetite for this fowl. The boarding tent keeper was a man of experience, and although chicken was very cheap in that section, he knew that a twenty-five cent dinner would not pay for the chicken a colored man could eat. As to the pills, the darkies are always imagining themselves sick. They know of but one remedy—pills.—Cor. New York Times.

The Vanderbilt Children.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt, relict of the man, who, when he lived, was the richest man on earth, was a Miss Kissam, daughter of an American clergyman, whose stock was originally English. She had the extreme good fortune to marry Vanderbilt when he was working for his father for $1,000 a year, poor, dependent and as thoroughly in awe of the old commodore as when he was a lad. She bore Vanderbilt eight children—Margaret, now Mrs. Eliot F. Shephard; Cornelius, William K., Emily, now Mrs. Emily Thorne Sloan, wife of the great carpet dealer; Frederick W., Florence Adele, now wife of W. McK. Twombly, the pushing westerner, now in charge of some of the heavier Vanderbilt interests; Lela, who married Dr. W. Seward Webb, son of the old lighting editor, Dr. James Watson Webb, and now head of the New York Central Parlor Car company, and George W., the eighth child and fourth son. Not a girl has married what in England is called an "aristocrat"—an idler. Every one of their husbands made his way in the world before he married a Vanderbilt. The boys also took care of themselves.—The Argonaut.

Better than Doctors' Stuff.

The doctors may all talk, and they may blow and say they can cure this and cure that, but when it comes to telling anything about a man's stomach they're not there. I have come to the conclusion that the less medicine a man puts into his stomach the better for himself. Since I have quit taking medicine I have been all right. If I had kept on putting an apothecary shop under my vest I might now be out where the birds are singing and the leaves are rustling. The best medicine for a man is a good, healthy meal. That's what I am taking now. It beats pills, and it knocks teaspoon and tablespoonfuls of nauseating stuff higher than Gilderoy's kite.—Globe-Democrat.

Somebody says that the "best people" now travel in private cars or their own steam yacht.

THE FONDEST LOVES.

As some dear friend departing backward looks,
And then returns for one more sweet embrace
With tender, clinging lips and misty eyes,
And sorrow on the erstwhile happy face;
So lingers our dear summer, clinging still
To the broad meadow's breast and sunny hill.

It flings a hundred sunbeams on the wall;
It warms to life the budding marigold;
It nestles close upon the forest tall;
With daisies white it spreads the open wold,
And then it weeps and weeps its heart away
To think how soon this beauty must decay.

So love, like summer, strives to keep its place
With lightsome smiles and gentle, winning ways—
Recalls the wandering heart, relights the face
With some faint semblance of its early phase;
And then it weeps and weeps its heart away
To see how soon the fondest loves decay.

—Elizabeth Baker Bohan.

HOW BILL NYE WORKS.

A Talk Concerning One of the Most Popular Funny Men of the Day.

Ik. Marvel says: "A man asks me to write something; he might as well ask the skies to rain." Bill Nye says: "If you want me to write just tell me to write something and then let me alone."

He generally keeps a supply of some twenty subjects pretty well in hand that can be written up on short notice. He keeps a note book just like the rest, a literary rag bag "into which lots and lots goes in, and nothing was ever yet known to come out." He thinks there is a fortune in store for the man who invests manuscripts with some property like a magnet that by passing them over the rubbish of a note book will attract to themselves just what belongs.

He cannot write "in order." He has attempted a few times to write by measure, so many words, so much pay, such a length, such a subject. "Why, you might as well pack me down into my trundle bed and tell me to sleep. I can feel the cramp in my limbs yet." He cannot even write under headings, as his subject, like a stick in water, is apt to turn all sorts of crooks and elbows before he gets to the bottom.

One of The World's staff brought him a piece of his manuscript the other day, his thumb resting on a spot of it that was bursting with laughter. "For heaven's sake, Bill, how did you ever get this turn on that? Did you sit down in cold blood and manufacture it, or did it come on you all of a sudden?" "The pen was half through the joke before I saw it," said he.

He never rewrites an article by any chance, often interlines, crosses out or doubles up, but the copy goes to the office just that way. It all comes just about as he wants it, faster than he can write it. He sometimes has to stop to spear a word which is careening about in vacancy, but never an expression. He must finish one article while in that particular mood. It is useless to try to recall it in any particular shape if interrupted, and he has lost much valuable matter in this way. He intends making a study of more continued writing, but dreads the attempt.

On his first writing he used a high desk, but later on, finding that height absolutely necessary to composition deliberately broke himself of the habit by writing on his knee, which now constitutes his desk on all ordinary occasions. He uses a little pencil, likes a very fine pen point. He makes the finest copy of any writer he knows except one. He hates proof reading, and says a man has to suffer so little nowadays by mistakes, owing to the excellent proof work done by the newspapers, that he had much rather suffer that "little" than read the proof so "long."

Much greater facility has come to him by practice. Also he has a consciousness that there is a marked improvement in the pith and finish of his work. In this he is supported by the opinions of his best friends, who are "always prompt to give helpful criticism," and by the distaste he now has for his earlier efforts, some of which are quite unpalatable to him now. He has no fear whatever of "running out" or becoming stale, as he does not claim to create, only to clothe old subjects of living interest in new form, and this can walk side by side with humanity just as long as it or he lives. He has written in all only about twelve years.

He gives his best mind work to his every day friends, saving nothing because it is more valuable written. Before writing he was an inimitable story teller and joke maker of that delicious type that shows the fun only with his eyes. The only reason that he is less humorous now in conversation than in his writing is on the principle of "turning over on the other side to rest a weary muscle." The humorist, as the comedian, must turn to "the grave" for relaxation.—Fannie Edgar Thomas in Inter Ocean.

How a Gull Opens Clams.

"I had a very singular experience last Sunday," said a tradesman, whose shop in Oakland is adorned by the sign, "Ornithological Rarities," but who, on a pinch, would sell a dog or a rabbit. "I was walking on the beach, not very far from the Cliff house, and I had just noticed that an usually large number of sea gulls were flying over the sands, when a hard substance struck me violently upon the head and staggered me. Luckily my hat was very thick and I am blessed with a tolerably solid skull. So I soon recovered myself, and I was looking about to ascertain what had hit me, when I was greatly startled by a weird and ghostly fluttering of wings a foot above me. A great gray gull had narrowly escaped alighting upon my shoulders. He just succeeded in checking his impetuous descent as his feet almost touched me. With a queer kind of half frightened cry he was again into the air. But what had brought him so close to me? I soon found out. Lying on the sand was the thing that had given me that blow upon the head. It was a large black mussel, and the sea gull had dropped it from a dizzy height upon my unoffending scalp.

I have studied the habits of these birds pretty carefully, and I know very well why he had done it. He was trying to get at his dinner, and as the shell of the mussel was still unbroken, and I wished to see him try again, I walked a couple of hundred yards away and then turned to watch his movements. Seeing that the coast was clear, he quickly flew back to the place where the mussel had fallen, seized it in his beak and, again rising high into the air, he let it drop. He followed it closely as it fell, keeping almost beside it during the greater part of the descent, and only moderating his downward rush when he was in danger of dashing himself upon the beach. The mussel struck the sand, but the shell was still unbroken, and, indeed, it was very evident to me that the soft ground that received it would never lay it open. Then I flung the mussel to a distance, and the gull, seeming to take this as a hint that my head was not a chopping block, seized his troublesome delicacy and flew away. I saw him turn a little inland, rise once more to a great height, dart swiftly down and then wing his way out to sea. I found that many stones lay at the place of his last descent; so, doubtless, his perseverance was at length rewarded, and he had gone off to some lonely rock to dine." —San Francisco Examiner.

A Buried City.

That one of the greatest of all of the cities built by the Buddhists in the east should have been forgotten and lost in the depths of a trackless forest for 1,000 years is a fact that lays a powerful hold on the imagination. Readers of Mr. Ferguson and Sir Emerson Tennent have heard something of the architectural wonders of Anuradhapura, the ancient "city of granite," in the island of Ceylon, and of the unparalleled immunity of its structures and rich monumental remains from the ravages of the spoiler and the religious fanatic.

Since they wrote great progress has been made in the way of clearing the jungle. Mr. Burrows, who has lately visited the city, gives in Macmillan's Magazine a remarkable account of the progress made in local archæological researches since this marvelous record of the past was accidentally rediscovered. The ruins at present disclosed are described as already extending for a distance of at least four miles by two and a half. The wonderful Cingalese palace, supposed to have been built about the commencement of the Christian era, of which Mr. Burrows gives an elaborate description, was discovered only last year. So far the clearings and excavations are stated to yield results which entirely agree with the most authentic account extant from an eye witness of ancient Anuradhapura—the Chinese traveler, Fa Hian, who visited it in the early part of the Fifth century.—Chicago Times.

Basket Work of the Indians.

The annual report of the National museum for 1884 contains several interesting ethnological papers. Professor O. T. Mason gives a sketch of the basketry of North American aborigines, which is amply illustrated with drawings of specimens and enlarged portions of the basket work, in order to illustrate exactly the manner of weaving. Mason discusses the methods in use all along the coast of western America from the Arctic ocean to California, in the interior, and among the tribes of the Atlantic coast, and distinguishes three types of basketry, which he calls the twined, the coiled and the woven ones. The first is most frequently found on the northwest coast. Coiled basket work is almost exclusively used by the northern Tinne and by the Apache, while many tribes apply all methods of manufacture. A great difficulty in determining the area of characteristic forms is encountered through the deficiency of the methods of many collectors, and the fragmentary state of collections; many specimens which are seemingly characteristic of one tribe having in reality a far wider distribution, while other characteristic types are wanting in the collections.—Science.

A Unique and Famous Pearl.

No explanation ever has been, or ever will be, forthcoming of the extraordinary freak of nature in the formation of the famous pearl known as the southern cross. Originally discovered at Roeburn, in western Australia, it consists of nine pearls adhering together in the form of a Latin cross, seven in the shaft and two in the arms, one on each side of the shaft, nearly opposite the second pearl from the top. The pearls are slightly compressed, like peas in a pod, and no trace of any artificial junction can be observed. It has been suggested that a fragment of sea weed may have got into the shell and formed the frame of the construction. The pearls are of fine quality, though slightly misshapen at parts, and the value of the gem is very high. Its character is unique, and so filled the owner—an Irishman named Kelley—with superstitious awe that for a long time he was induced to hide it away and keep his possession of it a secret.—Boston Transcript.

The Child of Mount Vernon.

George Washington Parke Custis died at Arlington, near Washington city, on the 10th of October, 1857. He left one child, the wife of Robert E. Lee, afterward the Confederate general. Closely allied to the Washington family, fond of calling himself the child of Mount Vernon, he was never so much in his element as when he was talking or writing of the great chief and the men and times of the Revolution. As he said of himself once, "his was the destiny of no common man," for he had been fondled on the knee of the Father of his Country, and received from him the kindness of a parent. He repaid that care and affection with filial devotion, and to the day of his death all the recollections of his life centered around or radiated from the time when he was one of Washington's family. He lived to a good old age, retaining his mental faculties to the last. Though Mr. Custis was never in public life, he was in his younger days an eloquent and effective speaker, and had a fondness for oratory as long as he was able to gratify those who constantly called on him to make public addresses.—Ben: Perley Poore's Letter.

A Remedy for Toothache.

The advantages of employing injections of pilocarpine for toothache are warmly set forth by M. Kurzahoff in The Revue de Therapeutique. It is used in the form of a solution of ten centigrams of the pilocarpine to fifteen grams of distilled water, this being injected into the temporal region on the side of the affected tooth. In two cases, one-eighth of a grain was injected, and in a third case, one-fourth of a grain, the pain always ceasing permanently about an hour after the injection; in about the same length of time the perspiration and salivation, determined by the pilocarpine, also disappeared. In one case only, that of a man aged 46, affected with rheumatic periodontitis and severe pains in the ears, the injection of a quarter of a grain produced copious vomiting, cyanosis, general weakness and drowsiness—all these symptoms, however, in this exceptional case, disappearing in about an hour and a half after the administration of twenty drops of the tincture of valerian.—New York Tribune.

The Color of the Eyes.

Extensive researches into the heredity of eye colors have led M. Alphonse de Candolle to consider it certain that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men, that where both parents have eyes of the same color the chances are eighty eight to twelve that the children who reach the age of 10 years (when the colors of the eyes are fixed) will have eyes of the same color; and that where the parents have eyes of different colors the chances are forty-five in favor of brown as against blue or gray for the children. He claims that brown eyes are more favorable to health and longevity than the blonde types.—Arkansaw Traveler.

St. Bernard's Telephone.

The monks of St. Bernard have brought the telephone into their service of mercy. The famous hospice is now in telephonic communication with the Cantine de Proz and the village of St. Pierre, as also with the Cantine de Fontinte and the village of St. Chemey, on the Italian side.—Boston Budget.

The Confederate Constitution.

Mrs. Gen. T. R. R. Cobb, of Atlanta, Ga., has the original draft of the Confederate constitution as it came from the committee who drafted it. It is said that Photographer Sarony, of New York city, owns the constitution as finally adopted by the Confederate congress.—New York Sun.

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